AGATHA WEBB.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

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is discovered asleep at the of blood on his sleep at the of blood on his sleep undere. Mas Page, the housekeeper, persists it webb premises, and discovered the proper of the transfer of the proper o incel as the murdaror of learned that the money was a keeper of a small store to straine man yave him by murder for a loaf or by murder for a loaf or by rives from Boston and i Murdered for money. Find it my beart. Sussicion falls u loothers. Frederick visits the oney is gone. Wattles, a live and demands #950 of Frederick sections. in derick overhears the issue from his of the and Miss Page tells just enough so the son will innificate Frederick if he are her, on the following day occurs the Acatha Webb, and late that night Mr. discovers Frederick weeping over her he way herale he learns of the death of grains insband. Sweetwater suspects frederick and is thus discovered by Mr. Frederick places a package of old latters is linked by a hands and his fatter arche an analysis and his fatter arche and a Aratha Webb's will is opened and by the sutherland te male expectations. Sweetwater is the discovered by the cause of the discovered by the discovered by the cause of the cause of the discovered by the cause of the discovered by the cause of the discovered by the cause of the cause of the discovered by the cause of the cause

Impossible: Incredible! Like a wave suddenly lifted the whole asemblage tose in surprise if not in protest. But there was no outburst. The very depth of the feelings evoked made all ebullition impossible, and as one sees the billow pause ere it breaks, and gradually subside, so this crowd yielded to the awe within them, and one by one sank back into their seats till quiet was ngmin restored, and only a circle of listening faces confronted the man who had just stirred a whole r omful to its depths. Seeing this, and realizing his copportunity, Frederick at once entered into the explanations for which

each heart there panted.
"This will be overwhelming news to him who has eared for me since infancy. You have heard him call me son. With what words shall I overthrow his confidence in the truth and rectitude of his long-buried wife and make him know in his old age that he has wasted rears of rationee upon one who was not of his blood or timeage? The wonder, the incredulity you manifest are my best excuse. for my long delay in revealing the secret in-

trusted to me by this dring woman."

An awed silence greeted these words. Never was the interest of a crowd more intense or its passions held in greater restraint. Yet Agness tears flowed freely and Amabel's amiles well, their expression had changed, and to Sweetwater, who alone had eyes for her now. they were surcharged with a tragic meaning, strange to see in one of her callons nature. Frederick's voice broke as he proceeded in

his self-impored task.
"The astounding fact which I have just municated to you was made known to me by my mother, with the dagger still plunged er breast. She would not let me draw it cut. She knew that death would follow that act, and she prized every moment remaining to her because of the bliss shelenjoyed of see-ing and having near her her only living child. The love, the passion, the boundless devotion formed me in an instant from a selfish brute into a deeply repentant man. I knelt before her in anguish. I made her feel that, wicked as I had been, I was not the conscienceless wretch she had imagined, and that she was mistaken as to the motives which led me into her presence. And when I saw by her clearing brow and peaceful look that I had fully per sunded her of this, I let her speak what words she would, and tell, as she was able, the secret

tragedy of her life. "It is a sucred story to me, and if you must know it, let it be from her own words in the letters she left behind her. She only told me that to say e me from the fate of the children who had preceded me, the five little girls and toys who had perished almost at birth. in her arms, she had parted from me in early infancy to Mrs. Sutherland, then mourning the sudden death of her only child. That this had been done secretly and under circum stances calculated to deceive Mr. Sutherland, so that he had never known I was not own child, and she enjoined me never to enlighten him, if by any sacrifice on my part I could rightfully avoid it. That she was happy ving me hear the truth before she died. that the joy which this gave her was so great that she did not regret her fatal act, violent and uncalled for as it was, for it had showed her my heart and allowed me to rend hers. Then she talked of my father, by whom man he whom you call Philemon; and she made me promise I would care for him to the last with tenderness, saying that I would be able to do this without seeming impropriety. since she had willed me all her fortune under this proviso. Finally, she gave me a key, and pointing out where the rest of her money lay hidden, bade me carry it away as her last gift, together with the package of letters I could find with it. And when I had taken these and given her back the key, she told mefor one thing she would die happy. And though her strength and breath were fast but her, she made me understand that she was worried about the Zabels, who had not sure arrived to a shered custom between to celebrate the anniversary of her

efore I could lay my hand upon it she called for listey. 'I want her to hear me desets delivered by myself on myself.' But Allen I ruse to look for Batsy, I found that the of her mistress' fatal act had killed her and that only her dead body was lying across whidow stil of the adjoining room. was a chance that robbed me of the only witwho could testify to my innocence, in case inv presence in this house of death should become known, and realizing all the danger in which it threw one I did not dare to my mother for lear it would make her lest moments miserable. So I told her that toor woman had understood what she wished, but was too terrified to mave or tienk; and this satisfied my mother and made her last breath one of trust and contrated love. She died as I drew the dagger her breast, and, seeing this, I was seized with horror of the instrument which and flung it wildly from the window. Then I er and laid her where you found her. on the sofa. That the dagger was an old-

are and prayed me to see the two old

gradiving the one whim of my father's

her face she pointed to the dagger in

a mind. I promised and with perfect

death or dire distress would have kept them.

did not know, much less that it bore his intials on the handle.

He paused, and the aws occasioned by the cene he had described was so deen and the silence so prolonged that a shudder tassed over the whole assemblage, when from some unknown quarter a single cutting voice arose in this one short, mocking comment:

"Oh, the fairy tale!"
Was it Amabel who spoke? Some thought so and looked her way, but they only beheld a sweet, tear-stained face turned with an air of moving appeal upon Frederick, as if begging pardon for the wicked doubts which had driven him to this defence.

Frederick met that look with one so severe

partook of barshness, then, resuming his

Frederick met that look with one so severe it partook of harshness, then, resuming his testimony, he said:

"It is of he Zabel brothers I must now steak, and of how one of them, James by name, came to be involved in this affair.

"When I left my mother, I was in such a state of mind that I passed the room in which my new-found father sat sleeping, with scarges ye or much as a giance. But as I hastened on toward the quarier where the Zabels lived, some compunctions of pity for his desolate state caused me to miter in my rapid flight, so that I did not reach the house quite so quickly as I might otherwise have done. When I did I found it dark, as I might reasonably nave expected, but remembering the extreme anxiety which my mother had shown in their regard, even in her dving moments, I approached the front door and was about to knock when I found it onen. Greatly astonished I at once cassed in, and, seeing my way berfectly in the moonlichs, entered the room of the left, the door of which also stood onen. It was the second house I had entered mannounced that night, and, in this, as in the other, I encountered a man sitting asleep by the table. Going up to him, I say it to be the elder of the two, John Zabel, and, perceiving that he was sufering for food and in a condition of extreme misery. I took out the first bill my hand encountered in my overful pockots and laid it on the table by his side. As I did so he gave a sigh, but did not wake, and satisfied that I had done all that was wise nad all that even my mother would exceet of me under the circumstances and fearing to encounter the other brother if I lingered, I hastened away and took the shortest path home. Had I been more of a man, or if my visit to Mrs. Webb had been actuated by a more communicable motive I would have gone at once to the good man who believed me to be of his own flesh and lood and tole him of the strange and heart-rending adventure which has danned in the him of the strange and heart-rending adventure which he could not fall to receive on le that all visible connection between myself and my mother's tracic death would thus be lost. You see I had not calculated on Miss Amabel Page."

The flash he here received from that lady's

The flash he here received from that lady's eves startled the crowd, and gave Sweetwater, already suffering under shock after shock of muscled surprise and wonder, his list definite idea that he had never rightly understood the relations between those two and that semething besides justice had actuated Auntiel in her treatment of this young man. This feeling was chared by others, and a reaction set in in Frederick's favor, which even affected the officials who were combusting the passed between him and the various nambers of the my I need also no necount. They but enrichasized facts already known, and produced that little charace in the general feeling, which was one now of suppressed ruly for all who had been drawn into the neshes of this tragte mystery. When he was allowed to resume his seat, the name of Miss Amaliei Page was again called.

She arose with a bound. Naught that she had analogists had caused had engineers.

sume his seat, the name of Miss Amaliei Fage was again called.

She arose with a bound. Naught that she had anticipated had occurred; incts of which she could know nothing had changed the aspect of affairs and made the position of Frederick superhing so remote from any she could have imagined that she was still in the maze of the numberless conflicting emotions which these reveilations were calculated to call put in one who had risked all on the inzard of a die and lost. She did not even know at this moment whether she was gird or sorry be could explain so eleverly his anomalous position. She lind caught the look he had cast at Agnes, and while this angered her it did not greatly modify her pinion that he was destined for herself. For, however other beoste mignifeed, she did not for a mament believe his story. She had not a pure enough heart to do so. To her all self-sacrifice was an anomaly. No woman of the mental or physical strongth of Agatha Webb would plant a darger in her own breast just to prevent another nerson from committing a crime, very health or so. So would plant a darger in her own breast hist to prevent another terson from committing a crime, were he lover, husband or son. No she believed and so would these others believe also when once releved of the nametic personality of this extraordinary witness. Yet how thrilling it had been to bear him plendthis cause so well, so thrilling, it was al-most worth the loss of her revenge to meet his look of hate and dream of the possibility of turning it hater into the old look of love, Yes, yes, she loved him now; not for his pos-tion, for that was good and the solution. tion, for that was gone; not even for his money, for she could contemplate its less, but for himself who had so boldly shown that he was stronger than she and could triumbe over her by the sheer force of his mascaline daring. With such feelings, what should she say to these men; how conduct herself under ques-tions which would be much more scarching now than belove? She could not even decide in her own mind. She must let impulse have

In her own mind. She must let impulse have its way.

Happily she took the right stand at \$\mathbb{A}\$ st. She did not endeavor to make any corrections in her former testimony, only acknowledged that the flower whose presence on the scene of death had been such a mystery had fallen from her bair at the ball, and that she had seen Frederick pick it up and put it in his button-hole. Beyond this, and the inferences it afterward awakened in her mind, she would not go, though many present, and among them Frederick, felt confident that her attitude had been one of suspicion from the first, and that it was to follow him rather than to supply the wants of the old men Zabel that she had left the ball and found, her way to Agatha Webb's cottage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

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Meanwhile Sweetwater had been witness to a series of pantomine actions that interested nimmore than Amatel's conduct under this final examination. Frederick, who had evidently some roquest to make or direction to give, had sent a written line to the Coconer, who on reading it had nessed it over to Knapp, who a few minutes later was to be seen in conference with Agnes. Halliday. As a result the latter rose and left the room, followed by the detective. He was gone a half hour, then, simultaneously with her reappearance. Sweetwater saw Knapp hand a bundle of letters to the Coroner, who, upon onening them, chose out several, which he processed to read to the fury. They were the letters referred to by Frederick as having been given to him by his mother. The first was dated thirty-five years greviously and was in the handwriting of Agatha herself. It was directed to James Zabel and was read amid a trofound mash. "Dean James" I know Vou know it, too, when it is aroused I forget love, graticule and

bel and was read amid a trotoand hush.

"Dran James I know I have a temper, a wiesed temper, and now you know it, too, when it is aroused I forget love, gratitude and everything else that should restrain me and utor words I am astonished at myself. But I do not not average to applorizing or even to legging forgiveness. My father says my tenner will undo me, but I am much more afraid of my least than I am of wemper. For instance, here I am writing to you again, just because I raised my riding whip and said-but you know what I said, and I am not fond of recalling that moment, for I cannot do so without -ceing your look of surprise and contrasting is with that of litiemon's held only indulgence, yet I fixed yours best, or should have liked it heat were it not of the insufferable bride which is a part of my being. Tanner such as mine ought to surprise you? Yet would I be Agatha Webb without it? I very nuch tefore I slept, since nothing but bride which is a part of my being. Tamer such as mine ought to surprise you. Yet would I be Agarha Webb without it? I very much fear not, and not being Agatha Glichrist would I have one love? Again, I tear not. James, forgive me. When I am hotelar, when I know my own heart. I will have less provention. Then if that heart turns your way you will find a great and bountiful serenity where now there are lowering skies and thunderous tempes's. Philomon said last night that ne would be content to have my lierce word o' mornings if only I would give him one drop out of the honey of my beiter nature when me sun went down and twilight brought reliection and love, but I did not like him any the better for suring this. You would not haive the day so. The cup must head no bitter that would give you true refreshment. Will in not then have to be proflared by other han Is than those of Agarila?

Mr. Pademon Red.

These trees Sher. You are persistent, I am

Mr. Phileson Webb.
The observe Sin: You are persistent, I am lling to tell you, though I shall never con whing lovell you though I shall never confide as much to another, that it will take a stronger nature than yours, and one that leves me less, to hold be faithfully, and make me the happy, devoted wife which I must be if I would not be a demon. I amnot, I dare not marry where I am not held in a passionate, self-forgetful subsection. I am too groud, too sensitive, too little mistress of investi when angry or aroused. If like some strong when I loved what was weaker than myself, and could be controlled by goodness and unlimited kindness, I might venture to risk living at the side of the most indulgent and upright man I know. But I am not of that kind. Strength only can command my admiration or subdue my pride. I must fear where I

time gift of her former lover, James Zabel, I love, and own for husband him who has first love, and own for husband him who has first shown himself my master. So do not feet nur more for me, for you, least of all the men I know, will never claim my obedience or command my love. Not that I will not yield my heart to you, but that I cannot; and knowing that I cannot, feel if honest to say so before any more of your fine manhood is wasted. Go your way, then, Philemon, and leave me to the rougher raths my feet were made to trend. I like you now, and feel something like a tender regard for your modeless, but if you persist in a courtship, which only my father is inclined to smile upon, you will call me an antagonism that ran lead to nothing but evil, for the serpent that less coiled in my broast has deadly fangs, and it is to be f-ared, as you should know, who have more than once seen me angre.

Do not blame John nor James Zabel, nor Frederick Snow, nor even Samuel Barton for this. It would be the same if none of these men existed. I was not made to trimorb over a kindly nature, but to subdue the haughtiest heart in all this country to the gentle but from hand of my hearts master. Bo you want to know who that master is? I cannot tell you, for I have not yet named him to myself.

for I have not yet named him to myself.

DEAN JAMES: I am going away. I am going to leave I fortchester for several months. I am going to see the world. I did not tell you this last night for fear of weakening under your entreaties, or, should I say, commands. Lately I have felt myself weakening more than once, and I want to know what it means. Absence will tench me, absence and the sight of new faces. Do you quarret with this necessity? Do you think I should know my mind without any such test? Alias, James, it is not a simple mind, and it baffles me at times. Let us then give it a chance. If the give find glamour of elegant city life can make me forcet certain snatches of talk at our old rate, or that night when you drow my hand through your arm and softly kiesed my finger tips, then I am no mate for you, whose love, however critical, his never wayserd from the first the heart and softly ways to the first to the same and the research to the first to the same and the research to the first that there are the same and the first that there are the same and the first that the same are the same and the first that the same are the same and the first that the same are the same and the same are the same and the same are the same are the same and the same are the same and the same are the same you, whose love, however critical, has never wavered from the first, but has made itself felt even in reluke, as the strongest, sweetest thing that has entered my turbulent life. Because I would be worthy of you, I submit to a separation which will either be a permanent one or the last that will ever take place between you and me. John will not hear this as well as you, yet he does not love me as well, possibly because to him I am simply a superior being, while to you I am a living but imperfect woman, who wishes to do tight, but can only do so under the highest guidance.

Daan John; I feel that I owe you a letter because you have been so patient. You may show it to James if you like, but I mean it for you as an old and dear Iriend who will one day dance at my wedding.

I am living in a which of enjoyment. I am seeing and tasting of pleasures I have only dreamed about till now. From a farmbouss kitchen to Mrs. Andrews's drawing room is a lively change for a gift who loves dress and show only less than daily intercourse with farmons men and brilliant women. But I am bearing it moby and have developed tastes I did not know I possessed. And no one seems to think I am out of place, nor do I feel so, only—do not fell James—there are movemental in my heart at times which make me shut my eyes when the lights are brightest and dream, if but for an instant, of home and the tumble-down gateway where I have so often loaned when some one two know who it is now, John, and I shall not hart you too deeply by men-

down gateway where I have so often leaned when some one took know who it is now, John, and I shall not hart you too desolv by mentioning him, was saving good night and calling down the blessings of heaven upon a heal not worthy to receive them.

Joes this argue my sneedy return? Perhams, yet I do not know. There are fond hearts here also, and a life in this country's centre would be agreat life for me if only I could forget the touch of a certain restraining hand which has great nower over me even as a memory. For the sake of that touch shall I give up the grantleur and charm of this broad life? Answer, John, You know him and me well enough now to say.

Dran James: Why must I write? Why am

enough now to say.

DEAR JAMES: Why must I write? Why am I not content with the memory of last night? Is it because that when the cup is quite full, a cup that has been so long in filling, some few drops must escape, just to show that a great joy like mine is not satisfied to be simply quiescent? I have suffered so long from uncertainty, have fried you and tried myself with so redices an indecision that now that I know no other man can ever move my heart as you have lone, the essay of it makes me overdemonstrative. I want to tell you that I love you; that I do not simply accept your love, but give you have kind in fullest measure all the devotion you have heared uron me in strike of my many family and failings. You took me to your hearf last night and seemed sattelled, but it does not satisfy me that I just let you do it without telling. ington.

DEAR JAMES: I do not, I cannot believe it

it by your own net.

Oh, James, were we not happe: I believed in you and felt that you believed in me. When in you and left that you believed in me. When we stood heart to heart under the elm tree twas it only last night? and you swore that if it lay in the newer of earthly man to make me hanpy. I should taste every sweet that a winnan's heart naturally cravel. I thought my heaven had already come and that now it only remained for me to create yours. Yet I trust in you yet, James, and if you bid me to continue that trust. I will do such that he to only remained for me to create yours trust in you yet. James, and if you bid continue that trust. I will do so with heart and never ask you to solve this later mysteries for me. I do not conflict a half heart. I give you all or I go nothing, a fact which will either insufactiones or my rule. I do not know I am as I am. Do you think my fi a base and dishonest act. James, you shot have waited and not left me to the misery have waited and not left me to the misery of hearing such an accusation, an accusation of theft, and theft of money, from one I could not contradlet. Much as I have always revered and level my father, I find myself hoping that, he has said other words to me than those you exceeted him to. That is his wish to see me Philemon's wife he has resorted to an unworthy subterface to separate as and that there is a transfer in the said that there is a second to the separate as and that there is a second to the separate as and that there is a second to the second to

wish to see me Philemon's wife he has resorted to an unworthy subterfure to serminate us, and that there is no truth in the story he told me hast night, or at least not the truth he would impress upon me.

If his account of the interview between you is a correct one, and you have nothing to add to it in way of explanation, then the return of this letter will be token enough that my father has been just in his accurations and that the bond between us must be broken. But if Oh, James, if you are the true man I consider you, and all that I have heard is a fabrication or mistake, then come to me at once; do not delay, but each each will be enough to establish your face at the gare will be enough to establish your innecence in my eyes. To be continued.

FISH, BULL, AND SNAKE STORIES. Anglers Charged by a Bull-Trout and Hawk Caught with the Same Bait.

POLYGIERRESIE. May 21:-The first crop of snake, bull, and fish stories of the vintage o 1800 is being gathered. A thrilling adventurwhile on a fishing trip, is contributed by County Treasurer Willfam Haubennestel and William A. Nyce, two enthusiastic sportsmen of this city. Word came to them a few day ago that in the Clove Valley was a trout stream in which jurked regiments and brigades of speckled beauties. Such tales were told of the number and gameness of the fish that the County Treasurer, Mr. Nyce, and C. A. Hopkins tounty freasurer, ar. Ayee, and C. A. Hojkins, were at once called out of town on "urgent business." They found that the treet stream had been underrated if anything, and were enoughing famous sport when they were disturbed by the snorting of an negry bull, which had cought them in the middle of large field and was charging madly at them. Mr. Nyee when a boy had a reputation as a sprinter, but his apharoments in these halves. know what it is to run. He stared blankly at the advancing bull until it was so near that the instinct of self-inteservation impelled him to retreat into the depths of a morass, in which both he and the tuil floundered helplessiy. Until assistance was summoned by Mr. Nyce the situation was disconcerting to Mr. Haubennestel and exasperating to the buil.

Afterner residing near Middleson constitutions sriing to Mr. Haubennestel and exasperating is the buil.

A farmer residing near Middletown recently officed a remarkable failure off in the production of egys at his hennery, which he was unble to account for. He concluded that an egy hist was at work and established a strict catch. The eggs continued to disappear, and no clue to the third was obtained intil a day or two ago, while working car the heimery, the farmer came across is large blacksnake, which he quickly lespatched. As the snake lay on the ground he farmer noticed a lump in the reptile's circumference, and with his knife cut from the snake's stomach a large china egg. It is argued that the snake's appetite for eggs increased at a more rapid rate than the yield of the homery, and that it resorted to the china

his book in a ripple, and the current carried it down under some overbanging trees, where a large trout struck it. There was no opportunity to play for the trout, and Mr. Robinson gave his pole a smart perk, beging to land his prize on the bank. Both trout and line went sating upward, and the line saught fast in a tree. The trout tore away from the insok and flopped back into the water. Mr. Robinson had dropped his pole to save his flah, and when he ricked it up again felt something tugging at it. Looking upward, he discovered that he had another late. This time he landed his prize, which proved to be a large bird, hooked through the lower side of the bill.

PLANTATION PAGEANTS.

OLD SCAR-FACE, THE RED FOX, DOES SOME BRAGGING.

Copyright, 1809, by Jost Chamiter Harris. "What is it, and who is it?" old Sear-Face repeated, holding himself roady to disappear in the bushes at a word, at a motion of the hand. But the children had had some experionce with wild creatures, and they sat as still

"The time was," said the Son of Ben Alt, "when you came at my call and asked no ques-tions. You have forgotten, but I remember." "No. Son of Ben Ali," old Scar-Face replied, "I have not forgotten; but when you came you came alone; you brought no strangers." "I said you had forgotten," remarked Aaron

"What of Rambler, the track dog?" "True-ob, most true, Son of Ben All," exclaimed old Sear-Face, lowering his head in apparent humility, a fact that caused Densilla to remark, in a whisper, "He do like he hu-

And the countenance of old Sear-Face, ernel and erafty, certainly had a human asrest The children tried in vain to remember who he resembled. One and all were sure in their own minds they had seen some one who looked like him. He was the personification of craft and fear the sharp, nose, the white teeth gleaming, the glittering, shifty eyes, the point ed ears, turning about to eatch every sound and so keen of hearing that the fail of a pine needle attracted their attention. This was old Sear-Face, the favineible, celebrated throughout middle Georgia as the fox which had outfooted and outmanouvred every kennel of hounds brought against him. The or-dinary hounds which had been used for chasing gray foxes were simply the playthings of old Scar-Face. He was in the nabit of using them for the purpose of practicing new movements. He had one scheme which, when he was not feeling well, he was in the habit of working on his pursuers. It may be called the



Imagine the links to cover a half mile each and the difficulty which a dog would have in entangling them with his nose, and that, too, while he is trying to go at full speed, will be easily perceived. When the ordinary hounds failed to catch old Scar-Face, hunters from a distance came with their Birdsong hounds These were Irish dogs, but were called Birdsong because they were first bred in Georgia by a planter of that name. These taught old Scar-Face the necessity of getting on foot whenever he heard a hound bark between midnight and day, but when the Birdsong hounds found his drag warm, the triple links were sufficient to throw them out.

Here, then, was this famous old fox, grin-ning at Aaron and the children, almost within reach of their hands. Sweetest Susan and Drustila were plainly afraid of him, for the white sear on his forehead did not add to his beauty; but Buster John regarded him with great curlosity and interest.
"I had forgotten Rambler, Son of Ben All."

said old Sear-Face musingly. "But I was not the first to forget; more than once I heard tambier howling for my blood."

"Yes; he made no bargain with me," Aaron remarked. "But here are those who heard of you, and who begged to see you. They have some news for you." "It is long since I had any," said old Sear

Whereupon Aaron told of the fox hunt that was to take place, and of a bound name! Hodo who was almost as famous among fex hunters as old Scar-Face himself. During this regital the fox came out of the tunnel, but sat upon his haunches, close to the mouth of it, and held himself in readiness to take refuge therein on the slightest alarm.

"When is the hunt to be?" asked old Sear Face. the fields and woods. When you full to hear the axe and the rattle of the wagon, then you may know the time for the hunt is near a

hand," said Anron. There was a pause, and during this pause a thore knowledge to thomselves. Web, Buster John's plan of campaign was not from the sedge and sat looking at Anon a we have outlined above, and, though he did hare, a smull calibitating creature, came creeding it in the sedge and sat looking at Anson and the children. Some movement or other frightened her, and she brunded away. Old Scar-Face disappeared in the tunnel like a shadow, and presently those who were listening heard the roor little here give one scream of agony and fright and then all was still.

"What hurt the rabbit? asked Sweetest Susan. "I think it s a shame, she cried, when Aaron motioned with his hand to indicate the fox. As site spisse, old Scar-Face appeared at the door of the tunnel. At his feet lay the rabbit,

Sweetest Susan looked appendingly at Aaron; but a needing looks couldn't bring the hare back to life.

but appealing looks committee to like to like. "I feel better," remarked old Scar-Face, licking his chors. "I haven't had a good dinner in two suns. They are hard to eatch" two suns.

two suns. They are hard to catch."
"You are getting old," suggested Aaron.
"Los, old: last I gave this little creature a fair chance.
"It was a quie's catch." Aaron declared.
"Neat, if not onick," said old Scar-Face with an air of pride. "I'm old, but not too old for this—not too old to lead hato the middle winds this great dur you tell of.
"What are the 'middle winds'?" Buster John saked in a wider. asked in a whisper.
"Where there is no scent." Aaron ex-

plained.
"There is seent enough," remarked old Sear-Face, "last it is lifted from ground and rrass by the winds. Yes, I will lead this wonderful dog into the middle wands and leave him dog into the middle wands and leave him. dog into the middle wirds and leave him there, or I will carry him to the lattren places where the ground is red and dry, a where the gand has drifted. It is now those cars since I have done more than trot lefere the dogs they bring. What I need Son of hen Ali, is something to stir the blood and make me thirsty."

"This dog they will bring will give you what you want," said Aaron. "He is called Hodo,"

What is that, Son of Ben All?"

"What is that, Son of Ben All?"
"It is his name."
"Well, my name is Wesdranger. What do your kind call are, Son of Ben All?"
"Sear-Face," replied Aaron blantly.
"It is as good as any," said the fox,
"Yes, one name is as good as snother when you have three meals a day. Aaron assented.
"There was a time," suggested old Sear-Face, "when the Son of Hen All killed and brought me birds; but that time is past.

"You are no longer weak and wome. But I came to day to dry you a letter turn than that, I came to warn you of this dog from a strange settlement, whose nose is so keen that he settlement whose nose is so keen that he came to day to do you a better turn than that. I came to warn you of this dog from a strange rettlement, whose nose is so keen that he never turn it to the ground, and whose less are so strong that he but touches the top of a tentral feme as he goes over. Take my word for it, ich not another sun rise on you here till the grass is green again. Go to the river, lide in the big swamn; stay anywhere but here. Let the dog with the queer name run down and kill one of your brethren. Bo you move awar for a time and go where the hunters may not follow.

Olf Sear-Fare tried to reach with his hind foot a flea that was tekling him on the too of his back near kils shoulder, and in making the effort he stretched out his need, closed has eye and granned so comically that the children laughed.

"Come and I'll scratch you," said Aaron. Old Sear-Fare took a step forward, but hestated. "No. Son of Ben All," he said. "It makes me cold to be too hear the new ones."

Whereupen Aaron himself took a step forward and scratched old Sear-Fare on the back with a time cone, and this operation seemed to be so pleasing that the fox kept time to the scratching by inthing the ground with one of his hand feet, as though he were trying in this way to all Aaron. When out Sear-bace had

seratching by satting the ground with one of his hard feet, as though he were trying in this way to and Anron. When oil Sent-base had been theroughly scratched along the spine, where his hind foot could not reach he should himself, licked his choice, and seemest to feet very much better.

And so you think I should move away from my home. Son of hen Alle? old Sent-base remarked. "Well, if you had some saving My friend, you are in danger; if and remain away many suns, to-morrow's dawn would have found me miles away. But when you say, the ware of the dogs; there is one called hote comme, not too close, but far enough away to make him weary. I want to hear the noise of his yelp, or know that he is running wildly hither and youder, sick to know where the Woodranger has good.

"As you please, ohl friend," said Aaron.
"This Hodo has made great talk among the hunters. I have warned you; it is all I can do."

There have been swift dogs after me. Son of Ben All; but they have always been behind

Not one of them has ever untangled the me. Not one of them has ever untangied the loops of my tanglet not one have I ever carried into the middle winds. This strange dog I should like to carry there if he has strangth enough; once there. I'll bid him good-by." You'll be surprised if he tells you howdy." Successed Aaron.

"So would you, Son of Hen All."
"No, you're wrong; it would be no surprise to me." Aaron repiled. "You have won many a fare; you have broken tooyn many a tangle of

"No, you're wrong: it would be no surprise to me." Agren reviled. "You have won many a race; you have broken down many a race; you have broken down many a race; you have broken down many a race of hounds; but you are not as young as you were. And something folls me that it you were in your prime, this hound would outfoot you. I know what I know."

"And I know what I know well enough for him a journey he il long remember."

"This thing of remembering." said Anron demands on whether you are well enough for the mender. I hope you'll be well enough for the mender. I hope you'll be well enough for the mender. I know were raught me by you; many I learned myself. I have been nutting them all together until now! want to see what the strange hound will make of them.

"Well, so lorg." said Aaron. "You are warred; that is enough. Go to your rabbit below by he were and the property of the propert the strange hound will make of them."

"Well, so lorg," said Aaron. "You are warned; that is enough, Go to your rabbit before he is cold, and I'll go to my work."

Old Sear-Face disappeared in the tunnel, and Aaron and the children went home.

"Whryfild you warn him?" Buster-John asked when they were out of the sears field.

'Old times—old times, replied Aaron. "When he was a ruppy I dectored him, and he used to trot after me in the woods, Now my mind's easy. If he is caught, well: If he ain't, good. He's outrun hounds so long that he's got it in his head that, none can catch him. That's his business."

That's his lusiness."
I didn't tike his looks," said Sweetest Susan after a while.

Nor me needer." Drusilla exclaimed. "He look too much tike taks when he helt his head on one side an' grin. He look mighty umblecome tumble when he wuz settin dar hangin' his head down an' takin' bout how he gwine do. You see how he ketcht dat rabbit: 'twas des like snaprin' you fingers. Dat creetur sho' is got de Ol' Boy in him. I hope dey'il letch, im."

Both in Both Boy in him. I note der in Betch in.

Buster John said nothing. He was wondering how he could manage to get permission to get on the hunt that had been arranged for. At last he asked Aaron's navice.

"Ride behind some of em." Aaron replied. "Fountain or Johnny Banter can take one of the carriage horses." Buster John suggested. Aaron's modified his lead, and the youngster made up his milad to go with the hunters unless everybody in the house shut their ears to his pleadings.

his pleadlings.

Now, Swootest Susan, who knew that she could not go in any event, was very anxious for her brother to see the hunt, and if her reason was partir a seifish one, it was no different in that respect from the reasons of a great thany grown persons. She wanted to hear all about the chase, and she knew that Buster John could tell her about it better than any one else. This was the seifish part, On the other hand, she also wanted Buster John to go because his desire was so keen. He had never seen a fox hunt and he was getting quite old enough, in Sweetest Susan's outpion, to share in some of the amusement's of his elders. True, fox hunting is a rough sport when it is carried out with energy, but Buster John ddin't have to break his neek riding across all these and guilles and jumping fences. He could ride behind Fountain or Johnay Barter, or on one of the fat and select earriage horses. Sweetest Susan had heard her grandfather asy many times that with good dogs and a hot dome a few hunter needed to the very far nor very fast to see pretty much all that was to be seen of a fox hunt. She didn't remember just these wards, but she knew what her grandfather meant, for he himself was among those who had ceased to be ambittous to 'rail the fox,' and was content to canter from one position to another, so as to be able to see the most exciting events in a fox chase.

So the Youngstern as children will, put their lings, Sweetest Susan, who knew that she xetling events in a fox chase. So the youngsters, as children will, put their end-together and laid the plan of a campaign.

self would make an appeal, an appeal on tears if necessary.

You never have seen one cry as hard as I can, he declared to Sweetest Susan.

What you wanter will so long To you git after om hout it? inquired Drusdia.

Yes, said Sweetest Susan, "why".

'If you begin no soon, explained Buster John, "mamma will find forty reasons why I shouldn't go and then'll all be good ones. If we begin the day before, she'll be foo tuny flavor up the house for the gentlemen who are penny is coming."
"I'm dreadin' de day," said Drustila with emphasis. "When comp'ny camin' de whole house got to be 'ore up an' cleaned and evo'y-thing got ter be desso."

thing got ter be desso."
"And when commany comes," chimed in Sweetest Susan, "she'll let us do anything we ask her almost. When Mrs. Terrell came that time I asked mamma if me and Drusilla might play in the barn loft, and she kissed me and said yes." And the next day she happened to think about the losse planks up there, and then she said we mustn't go in the loft never any more."

then she said we musin't go in the for next any more."

If Mrs. Terrell hadn't been there," said Buster John "she'd have thought about the lorse planks right on the spot," And to this Sweetest Susan readily assented.

Their mother, like most mothers, had not the faintest like that the children were able to but their small there so some of her characteristics, but voungsters the world over are more observant and know a great deal more than their edders give them credit for. The most of them are discrett enough to seep their knowledge to themselves.

as we have outlined above, and, though he did afterward develor into a very successful rolli-tician. It must not be supposed that his plan distillated only special ageness or brilliancy. No, he was merely a very bright boy, whose common sense was in process of development. Moreover, if his rian had cost him any seri-ous thought, it would have been labor thrown away, for as matters turned out it was not necessary at all. Indeed, it might have failed but for softly labeled. hereessary at all. Indeed, it might have much but for one of these licky incidents that some times harnen to us all. Buster John not only saw the fox hunt, or, at least, the part of it that could be seen, but he saw it in such a for made way and under such delightful cir-cumstances that it remained for many years;

* OLD PENNSYLVINIA WOODSMEN. Picturesque l'igures Who Are Now Fast Disappearing.

One of the most interesting and picturesque types known to backwoods life, the old-time lumberman and woodchopper of the Alle-ghanles, is now almost a thing of the past. At the present day the number of men engaged in that healthful but ardnons occupation is small mrared with the thousands that labored in ine forests of a quarter of a century ago. The thre forests of Pennsylvania are them-

selves only a memory.

The genuine old-time woodsman of the Alleghany spread of waters cannot be mistaken. He will be seen in milwinter always wearing a fur cap, which is, more than likely, some longpreserved trophy of his own rifle or trap. He wears no cout or waistrout, his body and chast being covered by a heavy flamed or wooden shirt-not the gorgeous'y colored garments of the later day humbermen, but good, old-fash-foned stuff, such as his father used to wear. Trousers of some warm woollen goods cover his ions. The new order of woodsmen wear their troppers tucked into a long pair of stockings. These stockings are often as gor-seous in varied color as the shirt or incket he affects, and their tops are drawn my to the leg by a puckering string, the ends of the string sometimes ending in fancy tassels They wear "gum " shoes. The old-time woodsman's father wore cowhide boots, well greased with tallow and with no stockings between their leather and his feet; so his sons, o the most of them, wear cowhide boots, greased with fallow, and no stockings, and declare that huselad their feet are kept warmer than by the bundling of heavy stockings. The oldtimer will defy any one to remember an instance of any one's feet ever having been frested when dressed on the cowhida beet, no s ceking plan. These fast disappearing specimens of the days' when lumberin was imbering and not playin' circus' also scorn suspenders, or "galluses," as they call them.

"A feller can't have his shoulders all clawed at the courts to when the courts to when the courts are supported. he wants to awing an axe or pull a is the rule of these forest eraftsmen.

no if he wants to exima an axe or pull a ratt our. Is the rule of these forest erafismen. Chai these the weedsman is ready for a shooting match, a deglight, a lear hant, a log choping, or a mourner meeting. The mourner neeting is the backwoods revival, conducted usually by some strapping, lesty-inaged preacher, and generally at the district school-house. Exervisory within a circuit of five or six miles attends the mourner meetings, and frequently a majority of the emgregation poin the mourners before the revival is over. But the steadhastness of the backwoods convert is evidently not to be depended upon, for mourners of one winter are to a great extent the mourners of the next. This down't seem to be leaked them. ers of one winter are to a great extent the mourners of the next. This doesn't seem to be besked them as anything to be unfavorably commented upon; on the contrary some regard it as a very commendable action, as winness the boest of one old-time woodsman:

I stand high in this here decerties, and I enght to. I been a mourner every winter at the mourner meetin's fer bettern forty year."

As a rule these unturored woodsmen are honest and generous, although always boisterous, and it is to be regretted that they are being replaced by an element so different in all respects, for to their sturdy and aggressive character is due, more than to any one thing, the place western Pennsylvania enjoys in the estimation of the entire country.

THE SOLDIER DEAD IN CUBA Memorial Day Services to He Most Notable

The removal of the soldier dead from Cuba and Forto Bico in the past few months has erved to make vacant a great majority of the graves in those islands, but the transports lespite their frequent trips, have not taken all There are still enough down there to make the elebration of May 30, 1800, a notable one The action of the United States Government in transferring to their own land those who fell in its service is unprecedented. And it is a source of wonder to the Cubans. These latter have seen transports, loaded with the dead sail away from the island many times since the first of the year, and they marvel at a nation which s willing and eager to spend time and money in moving those whose usefulness is past.

In the vicinity of Havana and other large cities Memorial Day will be carefully observed The great grave in which the men of the Maine lie side by side and those smaller ones filled since that eventful week in March, 1898, will ome in for their due share, but in no part of the Island will the day be one of such importimes as in the vicinity of Santiago. Back of that city the battlefield stretches for miles, Little care was possible in burying those who fell during the fighting, and where men dropped they were buried. Some were enshrouded in the convas of their shelter tents, but the majority had as their covering only their unf-forms and the clods of mother earth. There was no orderly arrangement, no rows and alsles and plots and sections, but merely the conventence of vicinity and the haphazard use of the Spanish and American trenches. At the foot and on the slope of San Juan Hill they were sown as thickly as tenants in the God's

ere of a populous city.

By permission of the American Government lisinterring has been carried on in a more or less desultory fashion since last September Despite the fact that disturbance of graves in semi-tropical countries like Cuba is strictly forbidden within five years from date of burial, friends and undertakers flocked to the Santiago battlefield, armed with permits from the War

friends and undertakers flocked to the Santiago battlefield, armed with permits from the War Department at Washington, and removed a number of bodies. It was only through the stranuous efforts of tiem Leonard Wood that yellow lever victims were left unifyturfied. In one case an undertaker from a Maine town insisted on disinterring an officer who had died of yellow fever, and he yielded only to force. The instrumethod of burial followed during the excitement after the siege naturally led to wrong diequification in many cases. When convenient a bottle containing a taper boaring the name, regiment and company of the decreased, was buried with him. Hude boards upon which was painted similar information were planted at the heads of the mounds, but, despite these precautions, the identity of the soldier often remained to oblematical.

When a delegation of Spanish officials revisited Santiago for the purpose of removing the remains of the brave defender of El Caney, Gen. Van del Bey, they experienced great difficulty in finding the grave. They were led by a Cuban guide to a mound in the vicinity of the blockhouse, out on opening the grave disclosed to view the bones of an army mule. It was a despicable insuit east upon the memory of a gallant warrior by natives.

In strong contrast to this is the sympathy felt by the hiving soldiers around Santiago with their comrades in the trenches. There are very few graves on the battlefield that have not been the object of fender care. Decoration Day has instead many long months in that part of Cuba. This avantathy has been manifested in strange ways and in unexpected quarters. Last October a negro teamster was discharged from the service in Santiago as incorrigible. He had been arrested and punished so many times without effect that his dismissal was finally ordered. He was paid off and received a pass on a transport to the United States. On salling day this negro

tiago as incorrigible. He had been arrested and punished so many times without effect that his dismissal was finally ordered. He was raid off and received a pass on a transport to the United States. On sailing day this negro visited all the shops in Santiago and, buying as many American flags as his money parmitted, went out to the tranches and decorated a number of saidler graves black, white. American and Spanish indiscriminately. Then he returned to his evil ways.

An officer of one of the intumne regiments, a hard and biustering man, whose overbearing manner had brought upon him the cordial hatred of his command, died of fever during the hot days of last September. A sergeant of his commany, who had been filt-treated by him, announced his intention of defiling the grave, and one morning went forth for that purpose. The following day a soldier, who had made a trip to the trenches in search of curios, burst into the camp with the surprising information that some one had been decorating the deceased Captain's grave with wild flowers and paims. All eyes were turned toward the Sorgeant, and one of the men started to question him, but he was curtly checked with the reply:

"Was it me? Of course. I am no heathen, He's dead, ain't he?"

SILENT BILL STROTHERS,

Not All Cowboys Waste Their Breath in Yelling or Talking. "Don't you believe that all the cowboys of the West waste their breath in yelling or talking," said the Major as he was telling of life on a "I've got a man named Bill Strothers ranch. who hasn't wasted a word since he was old enough to speak. Men who have chunmed with him have told me that he would go three or four days without attering a word. been trying to find him for a year. One day I heard that he was over at Red Hill, and I rode over and found him sitting in the shade of a

tree. He nodded to me as I got out of the saddie, and I sat down beside him and said: "Well, Bill, I'll give you \$50 a month to come over to the C. P. ranch. I've got a dozen erders who need a hard boss for a few months, I suppose you've got some private affairs to straighten up, and I'll give you a week to do it in. What do you say?
"I said all that and perhaps more. Bill gave
me a look of reproach, and slowly got up and
mounted his cayuse. I thought I'd lost him,
and in some anxiety I asked where he was go-

Ranch, of course, he grudgingly replied, "Ranch, of course," he grudgingly replied, and he rode alongside of me for thirteen miles without opening his mouth again.

"About eight months after he came to me I took a two days ride in his coursany. In those two days I uttered just ten words, as duly recorded in my notebook, and those ten words were in regard to the body of a man we found hanging to a limb. I was mighty lonesome for a talk, I can tell you, but I started out with the intention to preserve my dignity. Bill muttered a 'Homph,' over the coruse, but let out no word. When we got back home I prided myself that I had won a metal, but in the midst of my self-congratulations in walks old Bill and gays:

prided myself that I had won a medal, but in the midst of my self-congratulations in walks old Bill and says.

"Major, I'm gola"!

"But what's the trouble? I asked. 'Anything wrong with the work?'

"He shook its head.

"Want r raise of wages?'

"He shook it again,

"You are not taking up a herd of your own?'

"There was a third shake, and, drawing a long breath, as if about to do some desperate thing. Bill realled.

"See, hyar, Major, I was out with you for two days and you talked too darn much."

I promised to better up record. 'laughed the Major, 'and I'm sure i've done it. I've spoken to hird only twoe in the last eleven years, and I know he thinks I ought to be I'restdent of the United States."

THE NEW HONEY.

Some Bers Not Now Allowed to Sip the Nectar of Flowers of Their Choice. Honey is enjoying renewed favor. Men of wealth and leisure are testing and experiment-ing with the different kinds of honey, and wrinkling their brows over the problem of produeing what seems to them the most desirable

flavor during the coming summer.

For the bee is no longer allowed to pursue his own aweet peregrinations and sip of the nectar of flowers wherever he chooses. Honey made in this promiseuous way is much too ordinary. His actions are restricted and subled. As a result, such honey as never was tasted be-fore is tickling the palates of many. It it is the As a result, such honey as never was tasted before is tickling the palates of many. It it is the white sweet clover flavor that has gained favor with the opicure, he goes systematically to work to produce it; and planted large plots ground, perhans half an acre, with this particular kind of clover. He has it carefully kept it an week, or any other variety of clover that might endeavor to find a footing there. The whole held is inclosed and tooting there. The whole held is inclosed and tooting there. The whole held is inclosed and troofed with a fine wire netting, and the bechives are then placed within the inclosure. From the tree is fife therefore, the spice of variety is plucked, and try as he will be can produce mone other than white sweet clover honey. In flavor it is very delicate and almost white in color.

Acilow sweet clovershoney is preferred by others. The flavor is alignly stronger than that made from the white variety, and its color is a deep yellow. Then there is the honey that is made from the white variety, and its color is a deep yellow. Then there is the honey that is made from the white variety, and its color is a deep yellow. Then there is the honey that is made from the white variety, and its color is a deep yellow. Then there is the honey that is made from the white variety, and its color is a deep yellow. Then there is the honey that it makes from the white variety, and it seed of their tichulations in making these wawward plants give within their restriction. Some of the wind flower honey is almost black in color, and the flavor is certainly very different from what it was in the days when honey was honey and that fact settled the question. It is almost verging on the Indiscreet to mention buckwheat honey nowadays, although it, is still acknowledged to have wonderful "staying properties."

THE PURE MILK SUPPLY.

SPREAD OF THE CUSTOM OF GOV-ERNMENTAL INSPECTION OF COWS

A Fixed Standard for Milk to Be Estab lished in Great Britain-Rules Enforced in Denmark, the Great Dairy Country-The Value of Such Inspection. The city of St. Paul now requires the official inspection of all cows from which the milk supply for that town is taken. This ordinance is a step in advance of the hygienic regulations usually enforced and it is worthy of emulation. The importance to the public health of a full supply of pure milk as an ar-

> when its value as an economical item of diet is better understood than it was even a few years ago. Increased attention is being given to this subject in various countries Great Britain, for instance, is about to establish a fixed milk standard, which venders must fully hold to under penalties. Poor or adulterated milk does not contain the proportion of fats and non-fatty solids that give high value to good milk as food. In the study of milk as a food product at the Maine State College in 1885, fresh milk baying a fat content of 3.6 per cent, was used, and Sir J. Blyth, sreaking the other day on the bill now before Parliament, said the measure as passed would

doubtless require that marketable milk con-

ticle of food was never so great as to-day,

tain at least 25 per cent of non-fatty solids and 2.75 per cont. of fats.

One of the best results of the scientific regulation of the milk supply is that it impresses upon the dairy farmer the necessity of con-ducting his business upon hygicale principles. In Denmark, where dairying is the greatest Industry, the legislation on this subject has convinced the farmer that he can profit only by the hygienic feeding and care of cows and also that it is to his interest to select a strain of cows that will produce milk that will not fall below the standard. Government regu-lation, therefore, has had an important effect both as to the feeling and breeling of cattle, and the result has been a higher quality and a larger quantity of milk per e w.

In 1807 Deamark exported butter to Great her dairy products go to many parts of the her dairy products go to many parts of the world. The smitary control of banish cattle has been a large factor in giving the country its pre-eminence in the dairying business, and other nations may broth, more or less, by benmark's example. The law requires that cattle he examined once a month by a verginary surgeon. The most stringent regulations require the destruction of all from discussed animals. Even the lodder must be approved by a ceterinary surgeon, and no fodder injurious to infants milk may be used where milk is sold for the consumption of infants. The only milk accepted for use in Copenhagen must come from farms that have a really succepted and he had been a really succepted and in highly restricted to lary straw, cats, barley, wheaten bran and a small quantity of carrots.

No branch of agriculture in recent years has had larger development than dairy farming, and no branch has better reasid educational efforts in the direction of scientific methods. Butter and cheese factories and the mechanical method of separating the cream have revolutionized dairying at home and physical and the large concerns for the manutacture of milk products in the direction of scientific methods, Butter and cheese factories and the mechanical method of separating the cream have revolutionized dairying at home and physical and the large concerns for the manutacture of milk products in the direction of scientific methods, the barded of the manutacture of milk products in the large concerns for the manutacture of milk products in the large concerns for the manutacture of milk products in the direction of scientific methods, the manutacture of milk products in the large concerns for the manutacture of milk products in the large concerns for the content of milk products in the large concerns for the content of milk products in the large concerns for the manutacture of milk products in the large concerns for the manutacture of milk products in the large concerns for the content of milk products in the large content of milk prod world. The sanitary control of Danish cattle

mark and elsewhere also have connected the farmer to look more care fully after the untity, of his milk, for this question does not escape attention at the creameries.

Canada comes near employing kindergartes methods in her new regions where the ploneer farmer is just beginning to produce milk. Through the Department of Agriculture and Dairying he learns the system of earths farming that produces the best results and the Government takes entire charge of his creameries for a series of years, guarantees to produce a first-class article of butter and cheese and to market it for him, the net proceeds, after deducting expenses, being distributed among the inners in proportion to the quantity of milk each has contributed. Many of the creameries in the Northwest Territories have been started in this way, the becautinent of Agriculture resigning the management as soon as the farmers are table efficiently to direct the business themselves. There is no doubt that the fostering care and encouragesoon as the farmers are able efficiently to direct the business themselves. There is no doubt that the fostering ears and encouragement Canada is giving to the dairy inferest have contributed much to its remarkable development. The exterts of butter to Great Britain in 18t4, \$4135,585, increased to \$1,953,-421, two years later, and the cheese exports that grown about \$5,020,080 in five years.

Such facts show the financial success of basing dairy pursuits much honest and scientific methods. The consumption of milk will be far greater than it is to-day when hydrenic production and handling are universally required. The results of dictary studies have repeatedly shown that "the nutrients in milk are equal in physiological value to those of meat and are far less extensive," and these facts are becoming more generally known. Scientific discovery, moreover, requises to confer other boons upon the dairy farmer and the milk consumer. It is not very many years since the invention of a rapid method of scaarating cream from milk gave a great impens to butter making, and there is now every probability according to scientific men, that the means will same be perfected of orgaserying the freed-

FOREIGN POSTAL REVENUES.

Varies in Different Lands. The recent strike for higher wages of the

Paris postmen brings again into notice the view taken of postal revenues by various European governments, some of them regarding Post Office business as an item of available national revenue, while others regard it as one of the public" utilities" which are maintained for the people in general. The French Post tifflee Department, of which the Paris office is only a subordinate branch, costs in a year, the revenues from telegraphs included, 170,000,000 francs, or \$34,000,. 000. The revenues of postal receipts, telephones and telegraphs were 230,000,000 france in 1898, or a total of \$46,000,000, showing a net profit to the Government from these agencies of communication of \$12,000,000. As the French Post Office is maintained as a source of national revenue and not as a means of public convenience, it can be better understood, perhaps, why it is that the Government should exact the largest possible amount of labor for the least pay among its employees in Paris as elsewhere.
The British Post Office costs in a year £7,500,-

is exclusive of the telegraph service under Government control, for which the annual exrense is about 23,000,000, or \$15,000,000, and the annual income from which is about the same. England makes money on its Post offices, and its tolearigh system is self-supporting—no more.

The annual revenues from the Gorman Post
Office Department, known as Reichiposticologi,
are 330,000,000 thacks in a year, or \$68,000,000
marks a year, or \$60,000,000, showing a profit
of \$50,000,000 aver, which is much less than
is yielded by the English or French Post
Offices, but is incompanate with the forman
roing of maintaining cheap postage as an aid
top-rular instruction, a plan which has been
found to work well and is, moreover, made
more desirable by the fact that two of the
rainer desirable by the fact that two of the
prince desirable by the fact that two of the
forman political subdivisions, the ringdome of Rathera and Wirtenburg, maintain
their cwo sequents best Office systems, applying the net revenues to their treasuries, though
these figures are included in the operations of
the tiernam Post Offices generally

There are nearly 7,500 Post Offices in Italy,
where the treasuring system is under trocernment control. The gross revenue from Italian
Post Offices has year was 50,000,000 (free on italian
expenses of their maintenance were 50,000000 live, showing a net loss of 50,000,000 (free of
the sequence). Offices, and its telegraph system is self-sup-

000 and yields in revenues £12,000,000, show-ing a profit of £4,500,000, or \$22,500,000. This

income of \$1,500,000 and an annual outlay of South 000 a year less.

In the extent of reastal receipts the United States is ahead of all other countries, and its revenues this year are extented to exceed \$100,000,000,000 a larger sum than has been collected in the Post Office in any previous year.